

WOMAN ATTACKED, DRAGGED TO FIELD, TIED WITH ROPES

Mrs. Catherine Hoffman of
Flushing Identifies a Negro
as the Assailant.

HER INJURIES SERIOUS,
Police Prevent Husband and
Son From Wrecking Ven-
geance on Man She Accuses

Monroe Everson, a negro as big as
Paul Johnson, charged with an attack
on Mrs. Catherine Hoffman, cowered
today in his cell in the Flushing police
station while the husband and the son of
the injured woman were being
restrained by the police from wreaking
summary vengeance.

The Hoffman family live at No. 48
Smart avenue and have been residents
of the district for thirty-five years. Mrs.
Hoffman is the mother of three grown
daughters and a son who is twenty-five
years old.

About 8:30 o'clock last evening Mrs.
Hoffman was walking along Jamaica
avenue toward her home, when she
reached the vicinity of Mill Creek she
was seized by a negro and beaten over
the face. She attempted to scream, but
her assailant choked her into silence.

He dragged her into the field and when
he left her she was unconscious. He
had tied a rope about her waist and
another about her neck.

It was about 9:30 o'clock when the
victim managed to extricate herself
from the twigs and bushes with which
she had been covered. She crawled out
into the avenue and was discovered
there a little later by an automobile
party.

WOMAN TAKEN TO HER HOME
BY POLICEMEN.

The police were notified and Capt.
Patrick Murphy and Patrolman James
Mee hurriedly went to the scene. They
took Mrs. Hoffman to her home, where
the family had been anxiously await-
ing her. Dr. J. H. Dick was sum-
moned and found the condition of the
woman serious. Her face was swollen
and her body covered with bruises.

The rope about her neck was covered
with red stains.

The police hunted all night for the
assailant. They said little about the
object of their quest, and only a few
citizens joined in the pursuit. Shortly
before 7 o'clock A. M. today Patrolman
Mee saw Everson walking along Jama-
ica avenue. The description given by
Mrs. Hoffman tallied with that of the
negro, and Mee questioned him. He
said that he lived at No. 16 Lincoln
street and had been employed at a black-
smith shop on Jamaica avenue.

Mee took the man to Captain Murphy
and both accompanied him to the Hoff-
man house. A sign of him Mrs.
Hoffman screamed and fainting. Later
she positively identified him.

The policemen hurried the prisoner, provid-
ing his innocence. He was taken to the
station, where he was held in a cell.
The husband and son of the victim
followed the negro to the station, both
seeking to reach him at every step.
Everson, shaking with fear, was locked
up. He was later arraigned before
Magistrate Leach.

LITTLE GIRL AFRAID
TO GIVE TESTIMONY
IN MURDER CASE

With Prisoner Out of Room,
However, She Admitted
Making Charge.

Coroner Hellenstein continued today
his preliminary examination into the
murder of Michael Collins, who was
shot to death at the corner of West
fifty-second street and E. seventh
avenue on the night of July 10. Cornelius
Golden and Daniel O'Leary were under
arrest, charged with the crime.

At the time of the arrest, Catherine
O'Leary, out of ten other men as the
man who fired five shots into Collins's
body. In the West Forti-seventh street
station she sketched a statement in which
she accused O'Leary of the murder.

Before Coroner Hellenstein today the
girl looked in fear at Golden and
O'Leary and declared she had never
seen them before, adding that the
signed statement was false. Assistant
District Attorney Brockbridge, who
cross-examined the girl, failed to shake
her story, although Ide, Kane and
Detectives Fitzpatrick and Devaney all
swore she had positively identified the
men.

"Yes, I ask this little girl a question
with the prisoners out of the room,"
asked Ide. Kane, Coroner Hellenstein
agreed, and then Kane asked her:
"Didn't you tell me you saw O'Leary
kill Collins?"

"Yes, sir," she said, "but I am afraid
to say so before this man. I am afraid
to tell him I saw O'Leary kill Collins."

O'Leary was then asked to ban-
ter further examination. Monday and Golden
was discharged.

Murder Suspended Warrenter.
John Griffin, of No. 34 Green street,
and John Morris, of No. 150 West
Twenty-fourth street, were the police
out to Detective Train of the West
Thirtieth street station yesterday.

Planning the murder of James Venable,
proprietor of the Cafe Dante. Magis-
trate Appleton held them without bail.

Girl Tells of Thrilling Air Flight, 3,000 Feet Above the Earth, With Youngest Sky Pilot in America

Plucky Miss Louise Dixon

Takes a Lofty Sail With
Daring Cecil Peoli.

LILLIPUTIAN PANORAMA.

"Don't Wear Hobble Skirts

When You Go Up in a
Flying Machine."

By Louise Dixon.

Three thousand feet up in the air
with a sixteen-year-old aviator holding
your life in his hands! Well, it is ex-
hilarating, to say the least. Perhaps
it's safer than spinning around a track
in a racing auto; but I must say it's
further to fall than from that kind of
a vehicle.

It was Cecil Peoli, the boy flyer, who
sailed over Long Island and the adjacent
ocean with his mother as easily as if
they were trolling through park paths,
who took me up among the flying clouds
with him to-day. We climbed to the
3,000 feet level—at least, so Cecil told
me, and I am quite ready to believe
him. He asked me to go again. I may
do so, if his invitation holds good, for
after we got back to solid grass and I
had pulled myself together again I
seemed to believe that I had enjoyed
no better time in all my life than the
minutes in Cecil's aeroplane.

I would say to those who wear
skirts and who want to go up in
an aeroplane that they'd better not
wear hobble skirts. That's the
only advice I have to give, ex-
cept, maybe, that they keep cool
and don't sneeze. Why not hobble
skirts? Oh, well, they're uncon-
fortable.

All my life my greatest desire had
been to glide somewhere up aloft where
the birds could go. Whenever I saw
a picture of a balloon view of a certain
city I was always filled with envy of
those who could go high in the air, un-
afraid, soar about at will and alight
when they pleased.

ANXIOUS TO MAKE A PASSEN-
GER CARRYING RECORD.

I had my most cherished wish grati-
fied to-day. Young Cecil, who had
taken his mother for a long spin along
the aerial roadways, had his machine
out at the Mineola aviation field and
was looking for a passenger. He was
anxious to make a passenger. He was
anxious to make a passenger. He was
anxious to make a passenger.

With all the confidence of an expert
he explained to me every part of the
machine first, assuring me that in case
the engine should stop he would easily
remain master of the situation and
could glide safely to ground. He even
opened the engine hood and allowed me
to examine the parts so that I could see
for myself that the piston rods were
tightened and every crank and ratchet
well oiled and in good working order.

Everybody about protested when I
asked to go up with the youngest aviator
in America, all talking at once to
assure me of the probability of a calamity.
I really believe that the dread of
a mishap and the ignorance of the
mechanism of an aeroplane are what
prejudice most people against aviation.

Thoroughly myself with the intricate
mechanism of the gas engine,
I realized that the stopping of the
engine could not in itself bring about
disaster. Moreover, I had considerable
confidence in this smooth faced young-
ster.

So I went.

FELT LIKE BEING DRAWN BY A
HIDDEN MAGNET.

At first we glided over the grass for
about three hundred yards and then,
before I realized it, we were lifting up
and up into the air. It did not seem
so much that we were being propelled
as that some wonderful power of at-
traction was drawing us more rapidly
nearer and nearer to a hidden magnet
up in the clouds.

It was vastly different from ascend-
ing in an elevator—even the swiftest
express elevator. It's just the flying
sensation, and there's nothing like it
on earth or under the earth.

After a time the lifting motion
ceased and we seemed to stand
still. It was not for the first time
that I felt like being drawn by a
hidden magnet.

I would never have believed we were
moving at all. I had been holding
on to the uprights like grim death
up to this moment. I had been quite
oblivious to the fact that the earth
was somewhere down below.

Suddenly the impulse came to me
to look down.

Oh, glorious! I haven't recovered
from the shock yet.

It was like looking down at a col-
ored map in the geography, except that
it was not the wavy lines of a make-
believe ocean I was looking at—it was
the real thing—far, far below.

LIKE A VISIT TO THE LAND OF
LILLIPUTIANS.

The boy looked like a big basin of
water with tiny specks, which must
have been his streamers floating about in
it aimlessly. The land he had just left
seemed out in a drab-colored perspective
of meadows and shore. The big pine
and oak trees about Mineola looked like
gnarls of grass and weeds. Why, the
church I had seen only a few minutes
before was a mere toy.

When we were over an area of what
they said afterward we had passed
through a cloud, and when we saw the
earth again the people waiting for us
on the aviation field were tiny specks,
which grew larger and larger as we
descended.

I don't know if there were one or
two big streamers floating about in
the air. Young Peoli was grinning at me
and saying, "Well, what do you think
of it?"



CECIL
PEOLI IN HIS
AEROPLANE

MISS
LOUISE DIXON.

BURGLAR CHASE ENDS IN SHOUTS OF "LYNCH HIM!"

Crowd Thought Man Captured
by Detective Was "Gyp
the Blood."

Within the past two months there
have been fifty daring daylight burglar-
ies along St. Nicholas avenue between
One Hundred and Sixteenth street and
One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

As a result, Detective Joe Daly of the
central office was detailed to patrol
the neighborhood in an effort to pick
up the burglars.

He was standing near One Hundred
and Sixteenth street and St. Nicholas
avenue this afternoon when Mrs. Anna
Hartman, who has an apartment on the
top floor of No. 18 St. Nicholas avenue,
put her head out of her front window
and cried "Murder!"

Mrs. Hartman's front door bell had rung, but
she was busy with her household duties,
so she did not answer it. In a few mo-
ments she was startled by seeing two
men attempting to "jimmy" open the
back door.

Her cries attracted Daly and Patrol-
man Kobler. The two burglars fled to
the roof of the building and thence
down the steps of an adjoining building.
Only one man emerged, the other hiding
somewhere in the basement and escap-
ing.

Followed by a large crowd, Daly pur-
sued the men to the corner of One
Hundred and Nineteenth street and St.
Nicholas avenue, where the burglar
turned and attacked him, showing much
proficiency in the use of his fists. Daly,
phrased a trained athlete, soon subdued
the man and placed him under arrest.

CROWD EXPRESSED DESIRE TO
LYNCH HIM.

The prisoner was an underaged man
with dark complexion. In a moment
word got around through the crowd
that the man was "Gyp the Blood," one
of the gunmen wanted for the assassi-
nation of Herman Rosenthal in front of
the Metropolitan. Daly and his prisoner
were soon in the midst of a howling
mob, men shouting that they would
take the prisoner from the detective and
lynch him. Several policemen soon
retrieved Daly's side and used their clubs
with considerable force in opening a
way through which the man might be
taken in safety to the West One Hun-
dred and Twenty-fifth street station.

There he said he was Jack Faber,
aged nineteen, an electrician's helper,
living at No. 12 West Forty-third street.
He was identified by the police as Kid
Faber, a well known fighter in prelim-
inary events. Faber declined to talk
with Mrs. Hartman, identified him as one
of the men who had attempted to enter
her apartment.

When Faber was searched a gold
medal watch box was found on him.
The ribbon was stamped "U. S. S. Ver-
mont." The medal bore the inscription:
A. A. Brackman, First Class, Villa de
Brest, France, Franco-American, 20th
of December, 1910.

Four Opinion of Paper.
(From the Boston Transcript.)
Little kids (after being punished) think
papa is dreadful. Was he the only
man you could get mad at?

MOTHER SEES BABY FALL SIXTY FEET FROM FIRE ESCAPE

Mrs. Fox Leaves Morris Alone
in Room and He Climbs
Out Window.

When three-year-old Morris Fox's
mother left him all alone in the flat
on the fifth floor of No. 128 Broome
street, while she went across the street
to the pushcart market, to-day, he
bought a chicken for dinner, she very
carefully removed all the chairs from
the front room and placed him on the
bare floor. Morris had demonstrated
several times his liking for dangerous
climbs.

After Morris had been alone awhile
he cast about for means to reach the
window sill. He found a foot cushion
and dragged it to the window. Mount-
ing upon it he was able to get his
chin over the sill, and a fair grip on
the ledge with his pudgy little hands.

He wriggled his way up and over the
sill to the fire-escape. From here he
looked down at the street. The view of
the street was a most curious sight.
He had lined the opposite curb, the seven
or eight hundred people who sur-
rounded them, and all the colorful de-
tail of an east side crowd.

But Morris was looking for his moth-
er, and in his anxiety to pick her out
he essayed the precarious descent of the
fire-escape. The courts are as power-
less to make such people happy as statists
are to make men good.

"Alimony and counsel fees are poor
substitutes for love, honor and re-
spect, and oftentimes serve still further
to separate couples who should be
reunited."

In the present case I am unable to
find, from a careful reading of all the
motion pictures, any just reason
why this couple should be separated,
and I shall therefore refuse to grant
to both of them a divorce. My advice
to both of them is to come together
in their own home, with their child,
and make a fresh start in their mar-
ried life, with an honest purpose to
personal sacrifice that effort may en-
tail. The motion is denied with
costs.

MOTHER FRANTICALLY TELLS
HIM TO GO BACK.

Just at this moment a neighbor in the
street noticed him, and set up a shout-
ing warning that attracted his mother
from her bargaining with a peddler.
Mrs. Fox looked up and saw her child
laughing and waving his hand, far up
on the spidery ladder, and a spasm of
fear shot through her heart.

Morris's mother cried, "Morris! Go
back!"

Morris looked disappointed at this
command, for he was having a fine
time on the escape; but he turned and
laughingly began to climb back toward
the landing outside his own window.

Going up was not as easy as coming
down, and all of a sudden a shadow
cast tell how a little hand slipped
and the child's body came twisting
through the air, sixty feet to the
ground. His mother gave one wail and
fainted on the sidewalk.

The crowd about the pushcarts
shouted and screamed after the manner
of a mob. Some one sent to Gouverneur
Hospital for an ambulance, but when it
arrived the young surgeon said that all
he could do would be to take Morris
to the hospital and make the end as
easy as possible. The baby had
fractured his skull, and there was
surgically a whole bone in the little body.

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COURT'S RULING IN ALIMONY CASE IS LIKE A SERMON

Justice Urges Dr. Elmer C.
Hazard and Wife to Make
New Start.

MAKES PLEA FOR CHILD.

"Alimony and Counsel Fees,"
He Says, "Are Poor Substi-
tutes for Love and Honor."

In a fatherly decision, which was
more in the nature of a sermon than a
court ruling, Justice Benedict, sitting in
the Brooklyn Supreme Court to-day, de-
nied the motion of Mrs. Pearl White
Hazard, a former Philadelphia belle, for
a separation and alimony from her hus-
band, Dr. Elmer C. Hazard, the youth-
ful president of the E. C. Hazard Manu-
facturing Company of Shrewsbury, N. J.

The Justice counseled the young couple
to "go together in their own home, with
their child, and make a fresh start in
their married life, with an honest pur-
pose to seek each other's happiness,
whatever personal sacrifice that effort
might entail."

The words of the Justice seemed to
make a powerful impression upon the
young people. Dr. Hazard, who has all
along sought to combat his wife's action
in the hope of a reconciliation with her,
is understood to be greatly pleased at
the outlook.

Mrs. Hazard, a high-strung nervous
young woman, had said in her petition
her husband was a habitual drunkard
and that he had struck her over the
head with a beer bottle. She wanted
\$10 a week alimony and \$25 counsel fees.

LATEST TROUBLE GREW OUT
OF TRIVIAL AFFAIR.

But the evidence adduced in court
tended to show that the last dispute
between the couple, which occurred on
the evening of June 11, had arisen over
a debate as to whether their four-
year-old son should be carried upstairs
or should be allowed to walk, and that
Dr. Hazard, quite accidentally, in en-
deavoring to calm his wife, had
scratched her ear slightly with the
fluted tip of a bottle. The hurt was
so slight that a single application of
a remedy had been sufficient to heal it.

The misunderstanding had gone
from bad to worse. Mrs. Hazard went
first to the house of her husband's
mother and then, deeming that she had
not received sufficient consolation there,
established herself in the household of
Dr. Robert H. Herkimer at No. 334
Fourth street, Brooklyn. A few days
from the handsome brownstone house
at No. 332, which Dr. Hazard had given
to her.

Justice Benedict's decision was as fol-
lows:

"The case of this young couple is
unfortunate as well as typical. Were
it among the proper functions of
courts of justice to deliver homilies
on the subject of marital infelicity,
this case might serve as a useful
lesson to persons who look upon mar-
riage only from a standpoint of pleas-
ure and convenience, rather than from
that of obligation and duty."

COURTS UNABLE TO MAKE PEO-
PLE HAPPY.

"When to such persons marriage
proves a failure, they are prone to
hasten into court to obtain a dissolu-
tion or a relaxation of the ties which
they voluntarily assume, but which
their own selfishness has rendered in-
soluble. The courts are as power-
less to make such people happy as statists
are to make men good."

"Alimony and counsel fees are poor
substitutes for love, honor and re-
spect, and oftentimes serve still further
to separate couples who should be
reunited."

In the present case I am unable to
find, from a careful reading of all the
motion pictures, any just reason
why this couple should be separated,
and I shall therefore refuse to grant
to both of them a divorce. My advice
to both of them is to come together
in their own home, with their child,
and make a fresh start in their mar-
ried life, with an honest purpose to
personal sacrifice that effort may en-
tail. The motion is denied with
costs."

TRAIN OVER A MILE LONG.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Aug. 2.—Unique
in the history of railroading are the
tremendous trains that have within the
past week been made up on the Lehigh
Valley Railroad. A few days ago a
train of 115 cars of coal bound for the
Bethlehem Steel Works created wonder-
ment. Since then the trains have con-
stantly been growing longer.

Yesterday a new record was made
when a train of 133 coal cars moved
westward from the Perth Amboy docks
for the Lehigh Valley yards, where they
will be distributed to the mines. The
train was 7,000 feet long or more than
a mile and a quarter, and was drawn
by two locomotives, a third pushing it.
It is said the value was an enormous
because trainmen are scarce.

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FIRE! (SALUTE) PIPE UP THE BAND, LET'S ALL SALAAM

Col. Johnson's Newest Rules
Astonish the Brawny Fire
Laddies.

NOW HE'S A COLONEL.

Every One Has a Title but the
Fellow Who Really Puts
Out the Blaze.

"Lieutenant-Colonel (salute), I have
the honor to report that the battalion
is formed." (Salute.)

"Major (salute), do the uniforms of
privates, lieutenants and captains under
your command conform perfectly and in
all respects to the sections on the Bill
of Dress laid down in Col. Joseph John-
son's 'Rules and Regulations of the
Uniformed Force, New York Fire De-
partment.'" (Salute.)

"Lieutenant-Colonel (salute), they do."
(Salute.)

"Major (salute), are the trousers of
your privates, lieutenants and captains
under your command perfectly and in
all respects to the sections on the Bill
of Dress laid down in Col. Joseph John-
son's 'Rules and Regulations of the
Uniformed Force, New York Fire De-
partment.'" (Salute.)

"Lieutenant-Colonel (salute), even so." (Sa-
lute.)

"Then, Major (salute), kindly notify
the colonel that your men conform to
the regulations in his little book, and
that your battalion will now precede in
order of formation to answer the fourth
alarm of this bothersome fire." (Salute.)

CHIEF OF DEPARTMENT DESIG-
NATED AS COLONEL.

So, maybe, it will be when the strict
provisions as to rank and deportment
set forth in Col. Johnson's newest
"Rules and Regulations," issued to the
force to-day, begin to be enforced. Col.
Johnson is some soldier; there's no
doubting that. If you don't believe it,
here is Section I of the new rules,
right next to the first of the little red
bound book as you open the cover:

For the purpose of drill, evolution,
parade, review, &c., the following titles
are established:—Colonel.

Deputy Chief of Dept.—Lieut.-Colonel.
Veterinarian—Lieut.-Colonel.
Chief Medical Officer—Lieut.-Colonel.
Battalion Chief—Major.

Medical Officer—Major.
Chief of Construction, &c.—Major.
Captain—Major.

Platoon Captain—Major.
Platoon Sergeant—Major.
Platoon Sergeant—Major.

Engineer, Pilot and Fireman—Private.
So there you are! Evergreen gets a
new title handed to him but the Cap-
tain and the Lieutenant, and they've
got to worry along on the handles that
have been attached to their names for
107 years.

NEW RULES DAZE MEMBERS OF
DEPARTMENT.

The men of the Department could be
seen to-day sitting in long rows with
backs of chairs up against fire house
walls, doing out the fancy stuff in
Col. Johnson's little red book. About
that salute, now. They read that now
that they are regular military fellows
they've got to be very stiff with that
salute. What does the little book say?

"Indoors, members without particu-
lar occupation at the time on the approach
of superior officers, if seated, face
toward them and salute."

"Cripes! One hand salute for a Major;
salute with both hands for a Lieuten-
ant-Colonel; salute with one hand for
himself should stroll in a firehouse,
why, it would be a plain case of salaam."
And remember that the horse doctor
is a Lieutenant-Colonel with bells on
from now henceforward. When the
Lieutenant-Colonel comes around with
his long black bag, all hands down the
pole and hand him the royal
Abyssinian salute!

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POLICEMEN SAVE LIFE OF YOUNG GIRL WHO WROTE OF SUICIDE

Quick-Witted Bluecoats Rush
to Gas Filled Room and
Revive Her.

Quick-Witted Bluecoats Rush

Two young policemen, Power and
Whittle of the West Sixty-eighth street
station, showed to-day the stuff of
which they are made when it comes to
action in emergency cases. They saved
a life.

Bella Woods, nineteen years of age,
living at No. 80 West Thirty-eighth
street, a bookbinder, left her home a
few days ago. The mother received a note from her say-
ing that she was going to kill herself.
She gave her address as a rooming-
house, No. 147 West Sixty-third street.
A younger brother of the girl was in
the house and ran out in great alarm
to Seventy-seventh street and notified Police-
man Ryan on fixed power. Ryan signalled
to Power and Whittle, who made a
quick run for the lodging house.

The door of the girl's room was
locked and they pushed it in. The girl,
fully dressed, was lying on the floor in-
conscious. Two gas jets were turned on
and the room was filled with the
fumes of gas. One of the policemen
turned off the jets while the other
threw up the windows. They dragged
her to the window, left the door wide
open, then began the work of first aid
to the injured.

Meanwhile Dr. Brost had been sent
for from Flower Hospital. While the
policemen were working on the girl,
Capt. Dwyer, who had just been ap-
pointed to command in the Sixty-
eighth street station, stood in the door-
way unobserved by them. He had seen
an ambulance drive up to the house and
he quietly walked up stairs. He wanted
to get a line on some of the men who
had been in the room. He saw the
work of the men had